SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew. Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble.

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

Angie smiled, while Martin stared at the girl with increased astonishment. He knew who this McGuire was, and Tim's Place was a hillside clearing far and cons of the situation and of this up the river, inhabited by an Irish girl's life, family devoted to the raising of potatoes. He had halted there once, long enough to observe its somewhat slothful condition, and to buy pork and potatoes; but this tale was a revelation, and the girl herself a greater one.

This oasis in the wilderness was fully 40 miles above here, its only connection with civilization was a seldomused log road which only an experienced woodsman could follow, and how this mere child had dared it, was

But there she was, squat on the black, pleading eyes. There was but one thing to do, to care for her now, as humanity insisted, and Angle made the first move. It was in the direction of cleanliness; for entering the tent, she soon appeared with some of her own extra clothing, soap, and towels, and bade the girl follow her up the river a few rods.

The moon was shining clearly above the treetops, the camp-fire burned brightly, and Martin, Ray and Levi were lounging near it when the two returned, and in one an astonishing transformation had taken place.

Angle had gone away with a girl of ten in respect to clothing, her skirt evidently made of gunny cloth and reaching but little below her knees, and for a waist, what was once a man's red flannel shirt, and both in rags. Soiled with black mud, and bleeding, she was an object pitiable beyond words; she returned a young lady, almost, in stature, her face shining and rosy, and her eyes so tender with gratitude that they were pathetic.

Another change had also come with cleanliness and clothing-a sudden bashfulness. It was some time ere she could be made to talk again, but finally that wore away and then her story came. What a tale it wasscarce credible.

It was a fantastic, weird, almost spookish tale,-the spectres she had seen were so real to her that the telling made them seem almost so to the rest, and beyond that, the girl herself, so like a young witch, with her shadowy eyes and furtive glances, added to the illusion.

But now came a diversion, for Levi freshened the fire, and at a nod from Angie, Ray brought forth his banjo. It was his one pet foible, and it went with him everywhere, and now, with time and place so in accord, he was glad to exhibit his talent. He was not an expert,-a few jigs and plantation melodies composed his repertory,-but with the moonlight glinting through the spruce boughs, the river murmuring near, somehow one could not fail to catch the quaint humor of "Old Uncle Ned," "Jim Crack Corn," and the like, and see the two dusky lovers as they floated down the "Tombigbee River" and feel the pathos of "Nellie Grey" and "Old Kentucky Home."

Ray sang fairly well and in sympathy with each theme. To Angle and the rest it was but ordinary; but to this waif, who never before had heard a banjo or a darky song, it was marvelous. Her face lit up with keen interest, her eyes grew misty at times, and once two tears stole down her cheeks. For an hour Ray was the center of

interest, and then Angie arose. "Come, Chip," she said pleasantly,

"it's time to go to bed, and you are to share my tent." "I'd rather not," the girl replied

bluntly. "I ain't fit. I kin jist ez well curl 'longside o' the fire."

But Angie insisted and the girl followed her into the tent.

Here occurred another incident that must be related. Angle, always devout, and somewhat puritanical, was one who never forgot her nightly prayer, and now, when ready for slumber, she knelt on the bed of fir twigs, and by the light of one small candle offered her usual petition, while Chip watched her with wide and wondering eyes. As might be expected, that waif was mentioned, and with deep feeling. "Do ye s'pose God heard ye?" she

queried with evident candor, when Angle ceased. Why, certainly," came the earnest

"God hears all prayers." 'And do the spites hear 'em?"

"There are no such creatures as 'spites.' " answered Angle, severely; you only imagine them, and what this Indian has told you is supersti

"But I've seen 'em, hundreds on 'em big and little," returned the girl, stoutly.

Angle looked at her with pity. Put that notion out of your head, once for all," she said, almost sternly. "It is only a delusion, and no doubt

told to scare you." And poor Chip, conscious that per haps she had sinned in speech, said

For a long time Angle lay sleeples upon her fragrant bed, recalling the waif's strange story and trying to grasp the depth and breadth of her life at Tim's Piace; also to surmise, if possible, how serious a taint of evil she had inherited. That her father was vile beyond compare seemed positive; that her mother might have been scarce better was probable. No, men-tion, thus far, had been made of her; and so Angle reflected upon this pitiful About this time a boyhood sweetheart guessed, th' honored guessed, of th' child's ancestry and what minner of of Angeline's, named Martin Frisbie, Majestic th'ater, an' we have ben sufheritage abe had been blessed or who had been cathering wealth in a ferin' i'm nervous prostration ever who follow the sea

cursed with. Some of her attributes awoke Angie's admiration. She had shown utter abhorrence of this brutal sale of herself, a marvelous courage in endeavoring to escape it. seemed grateful for what had been done for her, and a partial realization of her own unfitness for association with refined people. Her speech was no worse than might be expected from her life at Tim's Place. Doubtless, she was unable to read or write. And something of his history, and that so Angie lay, considering all the pros

> There was also another side to it all, the humane one. They were on their way out of the wilderness, for a business visit to the nearest settlement, intending to return to the woods in a few days-and what was to be done with this child of misfortune?

Most assuredly they must protect her for the present. But was there anyone to whom she could be turned over and cared for? It seemed possible this brutal buyer of her would follow her out of the woods, to abduct her if found, and then the moral side ground and watching them with big of this episode with all its abominable possibilities occurred to Angle, who was, above all, unselfish and noblehearted. Vice, crime, and immorality were horrible to her.

Here was a self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet it with justice to herself, her husband, and her own conscience, was a problem. Thus dwelling upon this complex situation, she fell asleep.

The first faint light of morning was stealing into the tent when Angle felt lived in that old shack all lone for 20 her companion stir. She had, exhausted as she doubtless was, fallen asleep

mate, now the village doctor in Greenvale, to join him on an outing trip into the wilderness.

Here something of the history of a company: Martin, his wife, and Ray, notorious outlaw named McGuire be with Levi, started for civilization to came known to Martin, and more important than that, a queer old hermit four days upon the way when this was discovered, dwelling in solitude much abused waif appeared on the on the shore of a small lake. Who he was, and why this strange manner of two canoes, one manned by Ray, who had already learned to wield a paddle, life, Martin could not learn, and not until later, when he returned to Greenvale to woo his former sweetheart once more, did he even guess. Here, however, from a description furnished by a village nonedscript,-a sort of Natty Bumpo and philosopher combined, known as Old Cy Walker, who had been Martin's youthful companion. he was led to believe that the queer hermit and the long-missing Amzi were one and the same.

Another trip into this wilderness with Old Cy, taken to identify the hermit, resulted in proving the correctness of the surmise. Then Martin set about making this misanthropic recluse more comfortable in all ways possible; and then, leaving Old Cy to Greenvale and Angle.

A marriage was the outcome of his return to his native village, and then, guide, Levi, as helpers on this unique wedding trip, the hermit was visited.

It was hoped that meeting his child once more would result in inducing him to abandon his wildwood existence and to return to civilization; and it did-partially. He seemed happy to meet his daughter again, consented to return with them when ready, and after a couple of weeks' sojourn here, the cannes were packed and all set out for civilization and Greenvale once more.

But "home, sweet home," albeit it was, as in this case, a lonely log cabin in a vast wilderness, proved stronger than parental love or aught else; and sometime during first night's camp on the way out, this strange recluse stole away in his canoe and returned.

"It's natur," Old Cy observed when morning came, "an' home is the hardest spot in the world to fergit. Amzi's years. He's got wonted to it like a dog to his kennel, an' all the powers



"I Never Had Nothin' But Work 'n Cussin'."

now she was evidently awake.

Curious to note what she would do, Angie remained with closed eyes and pointing, fact, and Martin led his party motionless. From the corner of the tent where she had curled up the night before, the girl now cautiously crept toward the elder woman. Inch by inch, upon the bed of boughs, she moved nearer, until Angle, watching with half-opened eyes, saw her head lowered, and felt two soft, warm lips touch her hand.

It was a trifle. It was no more than the act of a cat who rubs herself against her mistress or a dog who licks his master's hand, and yet it settled once for all that wait's fate and groves of pine with some beech and Angle's indecision.

CHAPTER III.

Levi was starting a fire, Ray washing potatoes, and Martin, in his shirtsleeves, using a towel vigorously near the canoes, when Angle and Chip emerged that morning; and now while breakfast is under way, a moment may be seized to explain who the people were and their mission in this

wilderness. Many years before, in a distant village called Greenvale, two brothers, David and Amzi Curtis, had quarreled over an unfortunate division of inherited land. The outcome was that less interested in th' plan o' makin' Amzi, somewhat misanthropić over booze f'm sawdust, an' it was up to us the death of his wife, and of peculiar to be astin' these ducks whut they air makeup, deserted his home and little a-doin' at present with their output; daughter Angeline, and vanished. For ef they ain't drinkin' it up we'd like many years no one knew of his where- ter make them a proposition lookin

abouts, and he was given up as dead. | ter th' startin' of a distillery. Ef sech In the meantime his child, cared for a distillery is started we kin guaranby a kindly woman known as Aunt tee ter dispose of th' output. Whilst Comfort, had grown to womanhood, we was in Houston we wus th'

almost the moment she lay down; but o' the univarse can't break up the feelin'."

It seemed an indisputable, if disapback to the hermit's home once more Another plan was now considered by Martin-to buy the township, or at least a large tract enclosing this lake, build a more commodious log cabin for the use of himself and his wife, and There were several reasons other than

This lake, perhaps half a mile in covered with fine spruce and fir, birch grew in the valleys; deer, moose and feathered game abounded here, ever encroached upon this region. It was, all considered, a veritable has ever possessed.

spend a portion of each summer there. the value of their great dramatist by those of affection for this decision.

> since; a duck who done a chair balancin' act used bottles o' beer ter balance on and his feet was th' most thrillin' one we ever seen; he was

Alkali Eye Displeased with Vaudeville Performance. We went up to Houston ter meet with th' lumbermen, not thet we air a lumberman at all, but we air more er in the Houston Post.

World's Floating Population. The floating population of the world

FATTENING FOWLS.

which carried the tents and luggage while the other was occupied by Mar In order to fatten poultry at a profit, tin, his wife, and Levi. The only avail the right facilities must be provided able seat for the new arrival was in and proper food used. Probably among Ray's canoe, and when breakfast was the best are fat meat residues, corn disposed of and the voyagers ready to

The river at this point was broad and of slow current, only two days' journey was needful to reach the setful Farming. tlement and no cause for worry ap-

"You'd best hug the futher shore." he observed to Ray quietly when the boy pushed off, "an' don't git out o' sight o' us." "I ain't sartin 'bout the outcome o' this matter," he said to keep him company, he returned to Martin later. "I know that half-breed, Bolduc, and he's a bad 'un. From the gal's story he paid big money fer her He don't know the meanin' o' law, and with his nephew, Ray, and long-tried if he follers down the tote road, as 1 callate he will, 'n' ketches sight o' her the first we'll know on't 'll be the crack o' a rifle. The wonder to me is he didn't ketch her 'fore she got to us He could track her faster'n she could run. I don't want to 'larm you folks, but I shan't feel easy till we're out o

sportsman's paradise. Most likely a

few thousand dollars would purchase

it, and so, for these collective reasons,

Old Cy was left to keep the hermit

obtain needed supplies, and had been

scene. The party were journeying in

start, she was given a place therein.

peared-but Levi felt otherwise.

Martin decided to buy it.

the woods. It wasn't reassuring.

But no thought of this came to Ray at least, and these two young people, vielding to the magic of the morning, the rippled river that bore them on ward, the birds singing along the firclad banks, and all the exhilaration of the wilderness, soon reached the care free converse of youthful friends. "I never had nothin' but work 'n

cussin'," Chip responded, when Ray asked if she never had any time she could call her own. "Tim thinked I couldn't get tired, I guess. He'd roust me up fust of all 'n' larrup me if he caught me shirkin'. Once I had a little posev bed back o' the pigpen. fixed It after dark an' mornin's when I ketched the chance. He ketched me thar one mornin' a-weedin' it 'n' knocked me sprawlin' an' then stomped all over the posies. That night I went out into the woods 'n' begged the spites to git him killed somehow. 'Nother time I forgot to put up the bars, an the cows got into the taters. That night he tied me to a stump clus to the bars, an' left me thar all night. I used to be more skeered o' my dad 'n I was o' Tim, tho'. He'd look at me like he hated me, an' say, 'Shut up,' if I said a word, an' I 'most believed he'd kill me, just fer nothin'. Once he said he'd take me out into the woods at night 'n' bait a bear trap with me if he heerd I didn't mind Tim. I told Old Tomah that, an' he sid if he did, he'd shoot him; but Old Tomah wasn't round only winters. I hated dad so I'd 'a' shot him myself, I guess, if I cud 'a' got hold o' a gun when he wa'n't

"It's awful to have to feel that way toward your own father," interrupted Ray, "for he was your father."

"I s'pose 'twas," admitted Chip, candidly, "but I never felt much different. I've seen him slap mother when she was on her knees a-bawlin', and' the way he would cuss her was awful."

"But you had some friendship from this old Indian," queried Ray, who began to realize what a pitiful life the girl had led: "he was good to you, wasn't he?"

'He was, sartin," returned Chip eagerly; "he used to tell me the spites ud fix dad 'fore long, so he'd never show up agin, 'n' when I got big 'nuff he'd sneak me off some night 'n' take me to the settlement, whar I could are young steer than in the old one. a livin'. Old Tomah was the only one who cared a cuss fer me. I used to hawl when he went away every spring an' beg him to take me 'long 'n' helt him camp 'n' cook. I'd 'a' done 'most anything fer Old Tomah, I didn't mind wearin' clothes made out o' old duds 'n' bein' cussed fer not workin hard 'nuff. What I did mind was no havin' nobody who cared whether lived or died, or said a good word to Sometimes I got so lonesome, used to go out in the woods nights when 'twas moonlight 'n' beg the spites to help me. I used to think mother might be one on 'em 'n' she'd keer fer me. I think she was, an 'twas her as kept me goin' till I found you folks' camp. I got awful skeered them nights I was runnin' away, an when 'twas so dark I couldn't see no more, an' heerd wildcats yowlin', I'd git on my knees 'n' beg mother to keet 'em away. I think she did, an' allus shall." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

His High Estimation of Steam. Carlyle once startled the English speaking people into recognition of suddenly asking the British public which it would rather lose, Shake speare or India? I thought of that diameter, teemed with trout. The low the other day, muses the editor of the mountains enclosing it were thickly Ruder, when I was reading an article on steam navigation. What would the world rather lose than steam? What? Why, almost everything; our literature, our art, our religions. Nothand best of all, no vandal lumbermen ing we have is so valuable as steam. It is the greatest civilizer the world

Rises With a Complaint.

li'ble ter fall at any minute an' we'd

like to ast what'd become o' thet beer ef he had fell? He'd a-busted them bottles as sure as shootin'; we was so nervous at th' bare thought o' sech accident thet we ain't got over shudderin' yet. Later.-Since writing th' above we hev learned that them beer bottles wuz empty, an' that fact makes t even more agervatin'.-Aikali Eye,

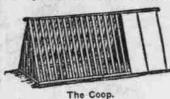
is 1,200,000. This means the people



Provide the Right Conditions to Get Good Results;

meal, potatoes, rice, cow's milk and oatmeal with milk. If anything, oatmeal is preferable because of effect on color or fat, says a writer in Success-

The point is to fatten fowls in the



shortest time possible. A good way is to confine in coops like the one shown in cut. The open part may be made of lath or wire netting. Keep pen dark except when fowls are eating. Throw thick covering, old carpet or quilts, over exposed part and the pen will be so dark that birds will move about very little between meals. In the morning if fed boiled potatoes, crushed while hot and thickened with corn meal, and a little salt and pepper for seasoning, chickens will fatten very fast. They should be fed three times a day, and their bill-of-fare varied as much as possible. Pumpkins or squash may take place of boiled potaoccasionally. Fresh bedding should be supplied frequently, and the coop and spot it occupies kept clean.

HEAVY AND LIGHT BEEVES.

A Question Which Cannot Be Settled by Any One Generation.

The question of light beeves or heavy steers is not one that can be settled by any one generation. Whether or not it will ever be settled we do not know. Certain it is that the highest price has gone to one type in one generation and to another in an other generation. At the present time the best market price is for a young. tender beef, but the epicures declare that tenderness in meat frequently means lack of flavor and that the baby beef has not the flavor of the beef from a steer that has been allowed to mature.

There are even among our exped ment station men those that declare that the young beef is not so profit able to the feeder as the older beef; that this depends on the conditions is which the farmer finds himself. If he has a good lot of grass and has not enough stock to consume it, they say it will pay him to keep his steers a year or so longer, for the sake of ge ting a greater weight on them. One official said to the writer that he did not see enough difference in price between a well-fred young steer and a well-bred old steer to induce a farmer to let go of his grass-consuming ma chines (steers) till they had attained their full weight. "Some, farmers have," said he, "sold off their young . steers under the Idea that the most profit lay in getting them to market early and have afterwards had their pastures understocked."

There is a possibility that the m ter of marketing the young steer has been carried to an extreme in some cases, but under ordinary conditions there seems to be more money in the

SCRATCHINGS.

Is it the business hen this year, o only a boarder?

The farmer who raises poultry car

always obtain ready money. In estimating the cost of poultry it is best to allow one bushel of grain a year to each laying hen. With hens it is much better to keep the appetite sharp compelling them to be active and search for food.

Pick all small, slow going, indifferent appearing pullets and save them for broilers. Keep for maturity only the best of the whole lot of pullets. Experiments show that the yearling

hen lays 40 per cent, more eggs than the hen two years old.

Poorly Fed Hens.

Occasionally a flock that is so small

that it is fed mostly from the table scraps is really under-fed. We have seen people boil small potatoes for their hens and add these daily the potato parings and other table scraps. If salt was added in a small amount the fowls ate them well, but such a flock is always underfed. Because the fowls have their crops full is not proof that they have the substantial things out of which to manufacture eggs. There is such a thing as overdoing a good thing and this is one of the cases. The potatoes and such stuff are made up almost wholly of starchy matter and do not give the material out of which to make albumen, whose base must be nitrogen. I is possible to make a hen think she is being well fed when she is not.

Number of Hens to Rooster. I have often read in poultry paper if you put more than eight or ten hens

in the breeding pen the eggs will not

hatch. My experience has been that

25 or 30 Leghorn hens with only one cockerel lay eggs which hatch chicks. every one. In 1895 I had a pen of 50 mixed pullets in a place 10x18 feet. I had a brown Leghorn cockerel that I had no use for, so put him in with this lot. In March, writes the correspondent in Orange Judd Farmer one of my neighbors wanted exchange eggs to set, I let him have 30 eggs from this I did not tell him about the way they were mated, as I had some doubt shout their hatching. But he got 28 chicks from the 30 eggs and came back for 30 more, getting 26 chicks the last

time, or 54 chicks from 60 eggs.



A Prayer

As forth I fare Sin-conquering.

When I have found It.

Let me not lack for stone and sling
Till I have downed It.

Nor let mine ears with plaudits ring
Till I have found It.

Teach me to go straight through a thing
And not around It. And not around it;
Close to my lips Life's bugle bring
And let me sound it,
And lay my life down for my King
When Love has crowned it.
—Clarence Urmy, in Lippincott's.



THE ZOO MAN By ELIZABETH MICHELS

"Yes, I remember-" said the man, the latest improvements," ventured

He stood between the children-a boy and a girl-leaning on a fence in the park. In age he looked about 40, of distinguished appearance-soldierlike; and he gave me the impression

of being one of those who is in complete sympathy with the young. Even before I heard his soft, earnest voice I was convinced of this; for the boy constantly regarded him affectionately out of great, grave eyes, and the girl had an unconscious habit

of slipping her tiny hand into his. "Yes, I remember," he repeated. "The Ibex is one of those things that wears a clothes-basket and sings; and the noise that it makes is the cause of earthquakes-an effect that it constantly brings."

He made the whimslcal statement with a sincerity of tone that would have been convincing to the least imaginative of juvenile minds. Here, he was evidently appealing to ideally sympathetic ones. The boy gave a nod of comprehension.

"Like at San Francisco. The Ibexes must have sung very loud, though."

"Bassoon playing had something to do with it," said the man, admirably concealing every vestige of cynicism. There was a mare—"

He paused. I felt sure he was a born story-teller and was with difficulty controlling a propensity wander into fantastic by-paths. "What became of the clothes

basket?" inquired the girl. "I think they were taken to the Japanese laundry, and used as schoolrooms for the children," he answered. "Or swallowed up when the earth opened," suggested the boy.

"Yes. It's very sad to see the poor creatures without anything on," admitted the man. "Never mind, they'll soon be meas

ured for new ones," sympathized the girl as she took his hand. They moved on, stopping at an enclosure a little way off.

"You like the goats," she urged 'They're so silky and tame." "Yes," he agreed. "But they get

fractions sometimes.' "Fractious means broken, doesn't it?" asked the boy.

"Politics?" whispered the boy. "Not when you talk about goats," replied the man with decision. "They



They Moved On. always come off scot free. The one I'm thinking of did."

"Tell us about him?" cooed the girl delusion. The man was their charge "Once," began the man, "a nannygoat wanted a ride, so she sat on a broomstick astride, but it started so quick that she fell off the stick right

on a policeman-who died!" "What did they do with him?" dered the boy. "They buried him-on the hire-sys-

tem," confided the man. "I know. In bits. right!" asserted the girl. "Why?" asked the boy with sur

"For gettin' in the way," was her ready answer. "I don't suppose he did that on pur-

prise,

pose," debated the boy. "That doesn't matter," said she "Ho spoilt everything!"

"Spoilt it! How? The man put just the right touch of wonder into the question. It showed what he could do in the way of stimulating the childish mind. I envied him the gift.

"Why," explained the girl, "if the policeman hadn't got in the way, think how the goat would have bounced!" "True," mused the man. "I never thought of that."

I was not near enough to catch the

fanciful things that passed between

the trio for some time after this; but

in the marsupial section I managed to get within hearing distance again. The boy was speaking. "When he sits up like that he looks like a hanson cab."

"That reminds me," rejoined the nan. "A very large male kangaroo had a pouch that was licensed for two: and, once, for a fare, he'd a

happened-it's true!" The boy pondered the circumstance for awhile

"I thought it was only the mothers

tortoise and hare. This really once

who had pouches," he hazarded. "The one I'm speaking of had all



the man. "I know," nodded the girl. "He was a taxameter!"

"Of course, the tortoise won," declared tip boy. "No," confessed the man. "The race had to be declared off because the

kangaroo skidded." "It must have been a very expensive

ride," commented the girl. "I think it was only a trial run," said the man.

In the Elephant house he must have made up something more than usually grotesque, because the discussion that ensued between the children was particularly lively. But there, as well as in the Lion house, on account of the people and the noise, I could catch little of their talk. When, again, I had the opportunity of listening it was in the comparative solitude of the Zebra yards. They were manifesting ex-

treme interest in the Quaggas. "They were soldiers once," the man was saying. "Of course; look at their stripes,"

quoth the boy. The girl began spelling out the descriptive notice that is affixed to the fence. "From South Africa!" she ex-

"Yes, in the transport department," rejoined the man. "It happened near the Vaal." "Please go on." was urged. "A Quagga who wasn't afraid," nar-

claimed. "Where they in the war?"

on parade, but when fighting began he got into a van, which he drove a long distance for aid." "Ah, a turning movement! Good man!" remarked the boy.

rated the man, "was always the first

"So he got the D. C. M.," augmented the man. The boy began thinking. "Yes," said he, presently. "The Distinguished Conduct Medal. Of course!"

"No-District Court Marshal," corected the man. "Poor thing!" murmured the girl. And now he's in lager.'

"Oh, no," objected the man. "This is the Lower House, you know. He was elected to it by Het Volk, and-" The Quagga raised his unmusical voice.

"He's speaking now. Hush!" admonished the man.

"Yes-suffragettes!" adventured the Then she said something about "Home," and they went off at a brisk pace. As I strolled in their wake I felt grateful for the glimpse I had had of the devotion which childhood can inspire in the heart of a grown man; of the magic sensibility that enables

the adult mind to see things with the eves of youth. The afternoon was drawing in, and the people were streaming through the when I reached it. As I mi gled with them on my way out there was a touch upon my arm and, turning, I looked down into the uplifted eyes of the girl. Such pleading eyes ach with a tear trembling on the long

lashes. By her side was the boy looking deenly concerned. "Please, please, help us to find father!" she implored. "We've lost

She saw at once that I was ready to obey her, and, putting her hand in mine, led me away while she poured out her fears for her father's safety. Of personal anxiety there was not i trace. The reason followed quickly A blow on the head from a Boer rifle while he was defending a wounder comrade had destroyed his reason Once withdrawn from their protection he was irresponsible-helpless as

not they his. It was they who ha been endeavoring to stimulate his fan ciful imagination, and so provide him with entertainment; and I had been deceived by his unconscious humor. When we found him wanderin about aimlessly, as we did within five

All day I had been laboring under a

minutes, the girl's relief was intense "My darling!" she sobbed, trying t get her small arms round him. poor dear!" He showed no feeling at the reunion, made no remark; merely fe into step between his small protector

and left the gardens with one of ther

on either side guarding him tenderly

Wild Duck in Collision with Auto. Thursday night a party of automol ists in a big touring car met with peculiar accident while on the wa from Feignsville to Trexlertown, say the Philadelphia Record. It was ald going on account of the heavy roa and when they saw a big duck con flying straight up the road towar them they thought it would have sen enough to turn and dodge. But th dazzling headlights, which attract it in the first place, blinded it and dashed head on into the glass shie in front of the machine, smashing to bits and painfully cutting to chauffeur. The duck was justant

killed. Beautifying Valparaiso.

The government of Chile has pa to date \$2,818,480 United States go for property appropriated for p use in the reconstruction of the city Valparaiso. This is done to wi some of the streets, straighten other and to modernize that portion of t city that was so nearly a total wre

The greater the office the should be the man.